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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16. 1806.

MISCELLANY.

GOLDSMITH'S COMEDIES.

Cumberland, in his Memoirs, written by himself, tells the following humourous and laughable story. We are confident our readers, will be higly pleased with the perusal of it.

"Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he had not begun at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic composition, and much more to be lamented, that after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarised to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good natured Man*, was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden Theatre who could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations, grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort, however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British Coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place.—He dined with us as a visitor, introduced as I think by sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested—*She Stoops to Conquer*, and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a codial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity.—"You and I," said he, "have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I

write for money, and care little about fame."—I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connexions in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenious poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrours as champion for the piece, and backed by us his clients and retainers demanded a fair trial.—Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentrick productions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal.

"We were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whiteford and a phalanx of North British pre-determined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitible glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better Comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to seperate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain—As our stations were pre-concerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and dertermined upon in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his frends, and the world at lage, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the soh of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper to his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well suited to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box, and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comick, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his musick without any prejudice to the author; but alas, it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature

could be more mal-appropos than some of his burs.s every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage ; but we carried our play thro', and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

THE VANITY OF FAME.

From the French of M. de Voltaire.

In the year 1723, at the Hague, I accidentally fell into the company of a Chinese, who, to a perfect knowledge in trade, joined great learning, and an extensive skill in science, two points, which, though they may seem inconsistent to a European taste, are no way incompatible in themselves. If we are wrong in this respect, we may thank the prevailing sway which money has obtained, and the little regard that merit is ever likely to find amongst our politer part of the world.

This stranger, who spoke the Dutch tolerably, came into a Bookseller's shop where several men of letters happened to be. He asked for a book, and was presented with *M. Bossuet's Universal History*, but indifferently translated.—At so promising a title, the Chinese seemed quite overjoyed.—I am too happy, (he cried) I shall see what notions you have here, of our vast Empire, of a nation that has subsisted as such for fifty thousand years, under a continued succession of princes. I shall learn your sentiments of our religion, our sciences and learned men, and of that pure worship we offer to the Supreme Being. With what pleasure shall I read your account of our arts, many of which are older with us, than most of your monarchies in Europe. I doubt your author is but ill informed of the war we had 22552 years ago with the warlike people of Tonquin, and the Japaneze, or of the solemn embassy which the powerful Emperor of India sent, to desire laws of us, in the year of the world 500,000,000,000,791,234,500,000 —— Alas, (interrupted a gentleman present) your nation is not once mentioned in this book, you make too inconsiderable a figure : The principal subject here is the oldest nation in the world, the chosen people of the Jews.

The Jews ! (cried the Chinese)—I suppose then that this nation at least possesses three parts of the Globe. He was answered that indeed they expected it, but at present their chief men were only the principle brokers in this country.—You mistake surely, (replied the Asiatic) have these people ever had a large empire ? I returned, that for some ages they had been masters of a small territory; but that the antiquity of a nation was not to be estimated by the extent of a country, no more than the merit of a man by his riches.—But (continued the stranger) are there no other people mentioned in this book ?—Yes, (answered the Virtuoso who stood by me) you have in it a long account of a country called Egypt, about fourscore leagues in breadth, in which is a lake 150 leagues in compass.—Hold ! (interrupted the Chinese, smiling) that is good !—*All the world* in this kingdom was learned—said the Virtuoso. Excellent things ! answered the Chinese ; but is that all you have to tell me ? No, resum'd the European, you next have an account of the celebrated Greeks. Who are these ?—The inhabitants of a Province about two hundred times less than China, (said the other) who have been famous all over the world.—I never (replied the Chinese with a pleasant air) heard of

these people in all my travels, either in India, Japan, or Great Tartary, through most of which countries I have been. Strange ignorance, (cried the Virtuoso) unaccountable barbarity!—I suppose then you have never heard of Epaminondas the Theban, nor the Port of Piræum, you can't tell the names of Achilles's Horses, nor how the Ass of Silenus was called. You know nothing of Jupiter, nor Diogenes, nor Lais, nor Cybele, nor ———

I am afraid (answered the Philosopher) you are equally unacquainted with our history. I should, I fear, surprize you with the ever memorable accident which happened to the celebrated Xi-xo-fu Con-co-chi Gan-ku, and that you are entirely uninstructed in the mysteries of the great Fi-si-hi-hu. But pray let me know what other strange matters are contained in this universal History. Upon that my friend descanted learnedly for near a quarter of an hour, on the revolutions of the Roman State, but when he came to mention Julius Cæsar, the Chinese stopped him, saying,—I think I have heard of this man, pray was not he a Turk?

How, (replied his antagonist with some heat) don't you know at least the difference between Pagans, Christians, and Mahometans? Did you never hear of Constantine, and the Popes?—We have some confused account, (replied the Chinese,) of a person called Mahomet.

Sure, said the Virtuoso, you must know something of Luther, Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, and Bellarmine.—I shall never remember such hard names, said the Asiatic, very gravely: And with these words he left us, to sell a considerable quantity of Peka Tea, and fine Grogram, with the profit of which he bought several European Commodities, and returned to his country, adoring Tyen, [the name which the Chinese give to the Supreme Being,] and imploring the protection of Confucius.

This conversation fully convinced me of the vanity of human glory. I could not help thus reflecting with myself—Since the names of the great Cæsar, and the deified Jupiter are unknown in the most antient, most extensive, most beautiful, most populous, and best governed empire on earth, how ridiculous is it for even the Princes of our little Dynasties to hope for fame.

At the request of a *Shopkeeper*, we extract the following Memorandum from the New-York Weekly Visitor. The writer says he is a shopkeeper situated in the most conspicuous part of Broadway, a street in which much business is supposed to be done in the dry-goods line. Although it was expressly "calculated for the meridian of New-York," we think it "may serve, without essential alteration," for any part of the Union.

Opened shop at 6 o'clock—no business transacted before breakfast. At ten, two young ladies, of genteel appearance, enquired for various articles, all of which, of superior qualities, were presented.—'Didn't like them—thought they could be better suited.' Inspected laces of the first qualities. '*Price wan't high enough—wanted better.*' In departing, dropped a small pocket-book—handed by boy—contents: a one dollar bill—two accounts for making ladies gowns—items for trimmings, &c.

At eleven a young man entered—wanted a waistcoat pattern—thought the Nelson's eye [a handsome pattern so denominated] vastly handsome—ordered a *quarter of a yard*—waistcoat he'd on six inches in length! about this time, several persons in store—attended myself on an elderly lady who wanted several articles—looked over various pieces of goods—thought the prices reasonable, but deferred purchasing—would call with her husband—bought,

however, three skeins silk—value 18 cents. Knew her—yet in a state of celibacy.

Twelve o'clock, two boys and myself employed opening and shewing goods for three hours—amount sold $2 50 cents.

One o'clock—coach stopped at the door—three ladies entered—asked questions faster than was possible to answer—after inspecting various goods—say, a thousand dollars worth—bought to the amount of $2—ordered servant to take goods to coach—took a polite departure. Four other ladies entered—blooming as Hebe—no covering to bosoms—as voluble as the nighting le—talked a great deal of the prevailing colours, and fashionable dresses—inspected various goods—thought to make a *dashing sale*—was disappointed—left store without making *a single purchase.*

Two o'clock, went to dinner—met the ladies who dropped the pocket-book—tendered it them—couldn't speak to thank me—blush'd in the extreme.

After dinner, a little leisure—placed goods in their proper situations—at four, female customers numerous—five questions at a time—didn't know which to answer—left store—no purchases.

Eight o'clock—whole amount of sales $6 75 cts. daily expences of store $6.

Such is the manner in which we pass much of our time. Should the question be asked, what class of society stands most in need of patience, let the answer be THE DRY-GOOD SHOPKEEPERS.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO CARE.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

Written at the age of nineteen.

Hail! zest of pleasure (pepper'd sauce no worse)
Thou art, indeed, like wormwood—but no curse;
'Tis fact, I will attest, though critics growl;
Thou'rt not, indeed, so pleasant, quite, as custard,
But who'd dispense with pepper, ginger, mustard,
Because, forsooth, they make an infant scowl?

Who would not smile, to hear a son of dust,
(Lamenting sore that some o'erwhelming gust
Had swept his crop) thus Providence beseech;
'Let SOL's bright rays in ceaseless radiance pour
'Upon my corn—let wind and *rain* no more,
'In hostile storms, my growing barley reach.'

Reader, suppose some wight (no matter who—
The thing is possible—'tis common too)
Should thus lament, in bitterness of soul:
'How sweet this prospect, how sublime, how grand!
'T would seem like some enchanted fairy land—
'But yon huge mountain (curse it!) spoils the whole!'

'The man's a fool!' thou sayest—be it so,
Thou art the man, my friend, for ought I know,
Though, on my conscience, sir, I meant no harm;
Perhaps thou ne'er hast urg'd thy solemn prayer,
That Heaven from thee would drive unwelcome *Care*,
And place thee where no anxious thoughts alarm.

As when a vessel with propitious gales,
O'er Ocean's vast expanse unfurls her sails,
Each day rolls on, a dull insipid round;
Anon the awful tempest loudly roars,
While through the gloom the rushing torrent pours,
And mournful cries augment the horrid sound!

But safe in port arriv'd, all danger flown,
With added splendor Mirth resumes his throne,
And past adventure wakes the soul to bliss;
With double relish Tom tips round the bowl,
Jack fondly meets the idol of his soul,
Past *Care* adds pleasure to the greeting kiss.

'Begone dull Care,' mistaken mortals cry—
'Far from our breasts, to other regions fly,
'Let soft repose upon our bosoms rest.'
From *vexing Care* the sour misanthrope flees,
To gloomy shades, and scenes of fancied ease,
And vents th' effusions of his spleen-struck breast.

From thee, O *Care!* (as though thou wert a ghost)
The *tippling gentry* to the tavern post,
And drown their senses, and their reason there;
Behind the shield of Bacchus, from thy face,
The thoughtless drunkard seeks a hiding place,
And makes himself a beast, to banish *Care!*

Why shrinks the mortal, frighten'd from thy view?
Thou art not always comely it is true,
But still, thy form I never wish to shun;
To what'er feast of mortal bliss I look,
I see thee acting as the foremost cook,
Where thou art not, all true enjoyment's done.

E'en childhood has its *Care!* the sportive throng
Strive who plays best, who's nimblest, who most strong,
E'en here *ambition* actuates the mind;
Oft riper age they act—(though not its vice!)
One turns a soldier—one a beau, so nice;
And oft, e'en here, we may instruction find.

The youth, ascending from his childish sport,
On manhood's verge, to thee prefers his court—
Surveys his breast, and finds a vacance there;
The object found, no obstacles controul,
But serve to fan the ardor of his soul,
He *loves*, and rushes on a world of *Care!*

Arriv'd at manhood's prime, true bliss is found,
The greatest sweetest *Cares* of life surround,
A tender offspring claims the fostering hand;
Here all is center'd; here the grand pursuit,
'To teach the young idea how so shoot,'
And bid the mind's progressive pow'r expand.

For what, to man, was reason's treasure given,
Why was he made the noblest work of Heaven,
But to be active and improve his mind?
Who that could walk, would, like a reptile, creep?
Who, that could think, would waste his time in sleep?
Or grovel, worm-like, to the earth confin'd?

The madman, ideot, and the untutor'd beast,
Of *Care*'s vexations surely feel the least;
Yet who would wish a lot so low to share?
New thoughts, anxieties, desires and pains
Attend each new enjoyment man attains;
Fruition's but another name for *Care*.

When some pure stream, obstructed, crooked, bubbling,
Here flowing smooth, there rocks its progress troubling,

Flows, clear as crystal, sweet as vernal dew;
Remove the rocks—a straighter course direct,
Let it be smooth—be all its bubbling check'd—
When lo! a stagnant, nauseous ditch we view!

Thus flows the stream of life; its varied course
Now gently murm'ring, now in torrents, hoarse,
Oft intercepted by 'perplexing *Care*;'
This *Care* dispel—*anxiety* remove—
The breast is cold, the heart forgets to love—
Life stagnates—pleasure vanishes in air!

Then cease, ye sons of Fiction, to pourtray
Care with a wrinkled face, and hair like hay!
On her no more with rueful visage, stare;
I'll stand her champion, 'gainst each scribbling elf;
She is the salt of life—aye, life itself—
And death is nothing but the want of *Care!*

LIGHT ARTICLES.

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

There have been many jokes about the refusal of an Irish gentleman to marry a lady whose name is *Fortune*. If, however, we are to trust to satirists, many a man who *marries* is wedded to *Mis-Fortune*.

When Hester *Paste* was examined at the last Hertford Assizes, one of the Counsel observed, that she was a very *crusty* witness.

Mr. N. an attorney, once presented a literary fragment to Miss R. a friend of his, for her perusal. The fragment ended with *cætera desunt*. After reading it through, she asked, "What does *cætera desunt* mean, Mr. N.?" Why, Madam, replies he, it means, that the rest is not *decent!*

Mr. Waithman of the Common Council, while addressing the Court, remarked on Mr. Dixon's shaking his head—to which the latter very incautiously replied—Truly I did shake my head, but there is *nothing in that.*

The Commander of a Volunteer Company in the west of England, lately exercising his men, unfortunately, for *charge bayonets*, provincially exclaimed *charge bagonuts*. An old woman who had been selling nuts to the men, thinking the officer asked, what she would *charge* for her *bag of nuts*, immediately bawled out, *An please your honour, you shall have them all for five shillings.*

A person once told the celebrated Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems, but he had so many *irons in the fire* that he did not know what to do. Then, replied Foote, *put your poems where your irons are.*

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SALEM, AUGUST 9—16, 1806.

By the Packet, arried at Boston, from Liverpool, papers of that city to the 3d, and London to the 1st of July were received:—

A correspondence was kept up between the British and French governments; the subject of which, it was generally supposed, related to opening of negotiations for peace. The editors of papers disagreed in their conjectures as to the objects of the communications; some conceived peace was in view, and others, that nothing more was in consideration than the improvement of

arrangements for the exchange of prisoners. There were reports of negotiations for a general pacification.

Respecting American affairs the papers merely remark, that the British Government is anxions to be on good terms with the American.

Some writer in London has exhibited a serious charge against an elevated personage; and Commissioners have been appointed to inquire into the accusation. It is conjectured the person alluded to is the Princess of Wales.

A resolution respecting the abolition of the Slave Trade, has been passed in the British House of Lords, in concurence with the House of Commons; and, on motion of Lord Grenville, an address to the King, requesting him to invite the co-operation of foreiegn powers in favor of the universal abolition.

Mr. Fox had been confined to his house by a serious indisposition, but was nearly restored to health at the last dates.

Extraordinary Homicides.—A Natches paper of July 1, relates the following extraordinary circumstance which occured a few days before:—"At about two o'clock, P. M. an Indian was discovered by the family entering the south end of Col. Girault's lane. He drew their attention, being painted in an uncommon manner, his whole body appeared red, he held in his right hand a gun, which he brandished with many gesticulations, in his left a bottle; he was attended by two other Indians in rather a sober pace—At the opposite end of the lane some more Indians were discovered among whom was a man painted in like manner, but unarmed; he was held and detained by a woman, but when the one brandishing his gun came within about twenty steps of him, he burst from the embrace of his wife, and rushed towards his antagonist—at about four yards distance they both halted, when the unarmed one presented his naked breast to the other, who took deliberate aim, but appearing to recollect himself, he dropt his gun, took a drink from the bottle, which was tied to his wrist—the other patiently and resolutely holding his breast open and presented all this time—having finished his drink and given a whoop, he took fresh aim, and in an instant the other dropt almost at his feet; this done, he loaded his gun with all possible speed, gave it to a bye-stander, (son to the deceased,) he then in turn bared and presented his breast, and was instantaneously sent into eternity. The dead bodies were carried each the way they had come, and by their respective friends interred, one at each end of the lane; the wife and relatives of the unarmed one who was first killed, howling over his remains three days and nights; they then disappeared—on Friday last they returned again, fired several guns approaching the grave, gave a general howl about a quarter of an hour, and retired. We learned from one among them who speaks broken English, that they had quarrelled over a bottle some considerable time ago, when the Indian who was first killed, had his finger bit by the other, in such a manner, that his arm inflamed; he declared he was "*spoiled*," and that they must both die, and they agreed, and formed the arrangement as related.

MARRIED,

At Havana, Amos Green, esq. mer. formerly of this town, to Miss Nabby K[illegible]ead of Boston.

DIED,

In Newton, Nathan Goodale, esq. for many years an eminent and respectable merchant in this town, and of late years Clerk of the District Court of this State—a truly honest man, and of universal benevolence.

In Danvers, Mr. Nathaniel Ropes, æt. 48, son of the late Judge Ropes of this town.

In this town, Mr. Benjamin Ward, æt. 82.

☞ *Our Subscribers to the east of Court-street, will please to excuse any irregularities in receiving their papers, as the person is sick who usually carries them.*

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